

## The Sermon III

### The Creepshow

Get up come on is that all that you've got?!  
Your chances exhausted before even taking a shot  
But you are out of your league, you float with no sting  
Your corner slowly empties while the lonely bell rings  
Too busy taking revenge instead of repaying those who've helped  
And you weep as you realize your opponent was yourself  
Watch your dreams fade away without fame or renown  
Like ashes to ashes, They All Fall Down